whose origin the boy could not explain intermingled with the howling 000
of the wind and the rushing of the Indus River. Namgyal's eye sharpened by his awakened imagination, then spied shadowy figures as they suddenly moved over the mountain slope and above him through the air. At those times the boy liked to be close to his companion. "Did you see that?" his comrade Puntsog asked him one evening as they were driving their herd along through the narrow gorge as darkness was descending upon them. They were late because they had had to spend a long time searching for animals that had strayed away from the herd. "There, up by the precipice it was rushing along!" "Yes, I saw it too," answered Namgyal, "it was a fox." "Yes, but didn't you see anything else? Someone was riding on the fox; /40/ it was gongpo with a large, round [776]
head, bristly hair and a hideous grimace, with bared teeth, two red eyes and a third eye on its forehead, and long claws on its fingers. It was shaking its hand threateningly at us. Come, let us hurry so we get home fast!"

When Namgyal came home he asked his grandmother, whose 538 ●
favorite he was and who had already told him quite a lot of terrifying things about evil spirits who are housed in mountain and valley, what kind of a being that was they had seen and told her what they did. She answered: "Let Meme (the old) Konchog Trashi tell you that, nobody knows more about these spirits and their activities and no one knows the old sagas and fairytales as well as he."

What Old Konchog Trashi Told Namgyal about Gods and Demons

One of the following evenings Namgyal went to the old Gyamstopa (16) Konchog Trashi, the storyteller and narrator of legends who is

16. Written in Tibetan, rgya-mt'so-pa, it signifies "seaman," the house name of the person concerned.

known through the length and breadth of the land for his narrative skill. Namgyal arranged it so that he would not have to look up the old man [164]
in his own house because his wife had leprosy in the highest degree; for this reason Namgyal was afraid to come near to her. He met the storyteller as he was sitting under his large nut tree at the edge of the irrigation ditch where he was spinning threads from coarse yak's hair. At the request of Namgyal Konchog Trashi, a small figure with a

538 weather-beaten face and dressed in an old, dirty coat which was very badly worn at the bottom, started telling some of his tales. The boy listened intently as he told of the old kings and heroes which after their death had become gods, of the mighty king Kesar and his heroic deeds, of gods and demons, nymphs and dwarfs who lead their existence in mountain and dale, in lake and in marsh.

"Can you see the old, knotty poplar there at the edge of the brook," the old man asked, "and can you see the lhato underneath, the roughly built altar of unhewn stone? Yes! You can also see the tall pile of 776 horns of ibexes and wild sheep, which have been stacked on top of /41/ it, and the twigs of juniper, wild roses and the little colored flags with the prayers and formulas of exorcism printed on them, which the lamas have made and which we have then stuck on there. On this altar and in the tree there lives Yul-Lha, the god of the village. Usuall, he is favorably inclined towards us; only one may not provoke him by taking something away from the altar or by breaking off a twig from the gods' tree (lha-śin), or by dirtying the place. Then Yul-Lha becomes angered [782] and sends sickness and death to our cattle. You can see over there the little bowls with sacrificial offerings, barley, rice, beer, and also flowers; we bring such gifts to the god in order to incline him favorably towards us. Once he has become very angered at us and has sent mis- [784] fortune and sickness into the village, we have a few lamas invoke and exorcize the Lha; then he is intimidated and we again remain undisturbed by him for a while.

Have you ever looked carefully at the picture of your household god in the house temple of your father? Above your house door there is also a small picture of him: a human figure with a pig's head. The god is wrapped in a wide, flying mantle which is open in front; in one hand he bears a victory banner (rGyal-mt san), in the other a trident. This P'a-Lha (ther Fathers' God) is also a powerful deity, and [782] one must be careful to remain in his favor. You will have noticed that your father or your mother let dry twigs of a juniper tree glow away slowly over redhot charcoals in an earthen bowl on the house roof every morning. That is the smoke offering to the P'a-Lha. The latter protects the house and the sacred hearth, keeps away other hostile spirits by frightening them through his terrible grunting and by his magical powers, lest they should bring bad luck and disease into the house. But one must be extremely careful not to provoke the P'a-Lha. When in anger, he is terrible. The P'a-Lha is enraged if an impure person, a Muslim, a smith, a Beda or a Kristan (Christian) should enter the house or should even

towards him. But when they noticed the strange thing, they became 539
mortally frightened, and in their fear they raced to a high cliff and tumbling headfirst into the abyss they were shattered to pieces. The frightened mother rushed after her children and wanting to seize them by the tail to hold them back she fell with them into the depth below; the father bear who wanted to save the mother followed after her into the horrible abyss /48/ Thus no one was left who could report to the king about the new mischief that the fox had created. The latter enjoyed his flour porridge, lay down on his ear, and fell asleep as though nothing bad had happened.

Konchog Trashi told Namgyal and his companions many another 538
story about the sly fox (24) and his mischievous tricks, all of which

24. The Tibetans, like other peoples of Asia, have a collection of stories which greatly resemble the stories about Renard the Fox.

were eagerly received and retold to others by the boys.

/Following p. 48 there are two full-page illustrations in the text, one with the subtitle: "An onpo (soothsayer) and magician"; the other with the legend: "The reincarnated Bakula (Mushog), abbot of the monastery Spituk."/

/49/ Namgyal's Schooling

When Namgyal was a cycle of twelve (lo-skor), that is to say, 000
12 years old, his father said to him one dreary winter day, as he saw his boy playing ball (25) with his comrades on one of the field terraces [526]

25. A kind of hockey game.

free of snow: "It would be better for you if you learned to read and write instead of spending your time here with useless play. If you learn that, it will be of use to you later when you want to do business. Then you must be able to write out bills and receipts, and sometimes you will also have to compose a letter; and if you should become village magistrate some day, as I am now, then you will certainly have a great deal of writing to do." For a year now, Lobsang Wanggyal had 622
occupied the post; he was village magistrate (go-po) of Kalatse. In 651
this office he had to collect the taxes in order to deliver them to the

Someone suggested as a bride Palmo from the house of the Oil- 581
man (sNum-pa); she was a good girl and industrious, he suggested, and the property of her father was considerable and free of debt. But she too, was not agreeable to Tsering Putrid. She admitted that the girl was industrious and--so far as one knew--free of blame, but she was ugly and thick-set "like a chorten," and stupid as an ass; she would not do for her handsome and intelligent grandson. Moreover she was a blabbermouth. To her applied the proverb: The thundering cloud has [538] ●
no rain, the garrulous girl--no wedding. "Yes, talkativeness in general," said Tsering Putrid, "there are also blabbermouths among the men"; and in so saying she shot a glance at Bandhepa who was always swaggering. "Another proverb says: A big river has no ford, big words have no content!" This did not really fit into the argument, but the old woman was annoyed that Bandhepa made himself so important. With this the others agreed again and so Palmo was also finished as the future bride.

Finally, after long arguments back and forth, uncle Stobsldan ("the strong one"), the brother of Lobsang Wanggyal, declared: "I know a suitable bride. The daughter of the wealthy farmer Norbu Wangchu ("precious stone--the mighty one) in Tingmogang (29). Her

29. Tingmogang--a large village in Lower Ladakh.

father owns two houses with the fields that belong to them, which all have a good location, as well as a lot of cattle; he also carries on exchange trade with the nomads Jangtang; he lends grain and money"--"at usurious rates" a voice interrupted him. "Quiet!" the others shouted. "He is the wealthiest man in the entire district." Bandhepa objected that there was all kinds of talk about that girl, Chosskyid; she was supposed to be frivolous, she was supposed to go around with young men, and other things of the kind. "Ah," said Tsang Sodnam, Namgyal's maternal uncle, "it won't be that bad; such a young, pretty girl likes to have her fun once in a while, and if one /56/ wanted to be sure that a girl was completely blameless one could search throughout Ladakh, in all the villages and drogs (outposts), and one would scarcely be able to find one. And moreover," and in saying this he looked at Bandhepa with a shrewd and malicious smile, "if a yak should run over your face [538]
you would not see it; but if a louse runs across someone else's face then you see it immediately." (30) At that Bandhepa was silent, the others

30. Tibetan proverb. Compare Matthew 7. 3

previous magistrate had enriched himself considerably by accepting bribes and through fraud in the collection of the taxes (as so many of the higher and lower officials did in the country). This had finally landed him in jail.

Among his compatriots Namgyal was considered a lucky person. "No wonder," they would say, "after all, he was born under a lucky star. His Sparka, Mewa, and Lungta signs (astrological signs) are high; even the worst demons cannot harm him." They liked to apply an old proverb to him: The lucky person (who was born under favorable stars) you may chase, you won't catch him; the unlucky person may flee, he will not get away (159).

159. The proverb reads in Tibetan: ños-agrug-la aded-de mi non / rkyen-ñan-la šor-te mi bud.

Thus it looked as though the ninth year of Namgyal's married life, the earth-tiger year, was also to be a fortunate year. The old devil-tamer (Dorje Dud-joms) was still practising his black art and without Namgyal's consulting him, since by now he refused the soothsayer's services completely, the latter had said that the new year would be a year of good fortune for him and his house, judging by all the signs. Namgyal's wife had secretly asked the old Gya-mt'so-pa, the fairytale teller. The latter had consulted destiny in his own manner. Nothing pointed to approaching disaster, he said. The Dragshos people could rest easy.

With a contented mind Namgyal had set about his spring tasks. Then suddenly dark clouds gathered over his house.

His boy, Trashi Rigdsin, who had developed into a strong, straight lad with joy in living and doing, became ill of a violent intestinal disease during the summer at the time of the ripening of the apricots. In a short time he pined away to a mere skeleton. All medicines of the lharje (magical doctor), blood-letting, burning with /180/ red-hot iron, the mirror cure, the "baptism" with the drinking of the magical water (160), none of it was of any avail. The lamas

160. Tibetan medicine is laid down in a series of volumes (in block-printing) in the great collective work of the Buddhistic canon (bka-agyur, pronounced Kangyur). The main work of these is the Gyud-ji (rgyud-bži). Tibetan medical knowledge is based in part on Indian, in part on

12: Douglas T-3 (1951)1953 AJ4 W. Tibetans AJ4

000 And yet they could outdistance me, or anyone in my camp, for that matter. They were hardened to the trail; and even the seventy-year-old lady was as tough as nails. They had precious little, but they lived to the utmost of it. They were true to the old
• 538 Tibetan proverb, "Eat according to the height of your meal bag and walk according to the width of your track."

It seemed to me that civilization had made us soft and flabby. We were fat and weak in our protective environment. We had become so engrossed in living a life of ease that we had sacrificed our health and vigor. If we had the endurance of this old Ladakhi lady, there would be a profound effect on the spirit as well as on the flesh. Then we would regain our adventuresome spirit; then we would want to live boldly and dangerously; then we would not be caught up in the great drive for security. Security? What security has this old lady of Ladakh? What is security? Is not the greatest security the strength of the spirit?

And then I was asleep in a tiny alcove of a mighty cliff of the Himalayas, dreaming of strong, husky women who laughed and giggled at Rahul and me as we struggled to keep up with them along a tortuous Himalayan trail.

When I awoke the sky was turning gray though the sun was over an hour from the ridge. Already the Ladakhis were stirring in the camp below us. Their fire was going, and a pot was steaming. The sun was not yet on the trail when they loaded their packs and started to climb toward us. The old lady came first.

"How's my patient?" I asked.

The old lady bowed graciously and smiled, indicating complete recovery. And so I gave her the traditional Tibetan salutation on farewell, *"K'ali phe,"* which means, "Go slowly."

The one who leaves is then supposed to answer, *"K'ali shu,"* which means, "Sit slowly."

The old lady did not, however, give me that salutation. Instead she smiled and said, *"Saop* [which is Tibetan for Sahib], you are a good doctor." And the young lady, who had now reached

tery to open the day at 5:30 A.M. and close it at 8 P.M. The monks of Hemis sometimes follow the example of their founder and go into retreats, taking vows to immure themselves for three years in barren, single-room houses that have no windows, no furnishings, no utilities. Here they sit in prayer and meditation for three long and lonely years. Those who complete the three-year vigil are held in high esteem by monks and laymen alike. Few, however, come out alive because of the rigors of the ordeal. Yet those who start do not turn back, for in the Buddhist world one who violates his vows degrades himself and is held in contempt by the community. Hemis, the first monastery in all of Ladakh, is still an ideal physical setting for a retreat; and over the centuries it has become rich not only in lands and other wealth, but in legends as well.

One of these apocryphal tales concerns Jesus. There are those who to this day believe that Jesus visited the place, that he came here when he was fourteen and left when he was twenty-eight, heading west, to be heard of no more. The legend fills in the details, saying that Jesus traveled to Hemis under the name of Issa.

This is a land where legends readily grow. Hindus and Buddhists are, of course, not alone in believing that holy men have made certain places sacred. But they have a special theory about the phenomenon. The presence of holy men and the prayers they have recited have created spiritual vibrations that dominate the place. Pilgrims who go there and stay at least three nights can feel these vibrations and thus enrich their psychic and spiritual life. Many places of pilgrimage are common to Hindus and Buddhists alike e.g., Mount Kailas and Lake Manasarovar in Tibet. These places usually have a presiding deity and many dozens of demigods. There are said to be about 500,000 deities around Mount Kailas alone. But only the pious can see them. These gods are mountain gods, river gods, tree gods, family gods, field gods, house gods. They are the gods and spirits of the ancient religions on which Buddhism became engrafted. They and Buddhism have

12: Douglas T-3 (1951)1953 AJ4 W. Tibetans AJ4

speech. He pondered on the lives of the saints, the causes and effects of actions, the ends of worldly existence.

This poet-saint is loved in all Ladakh. His strong face, carved in stone, looks down on the inhabitants of Hemis. It shows tremendous concentration and an indomitable will. All who pass Mila Repa's statue at Hemis murmur, *"Om Mani Padme Hoom."*

One day while Mila Repa was moving to a new cave high on a shoulder of Mount Everest his only worldly possession, an earthen pot, broke. The loss was welcomed, not deplored. And Mila Repa, the poet, wrote:

The earthen pot now is, and now is not.
My sole possession.
By breaking it has become a lama,
For it has preached an admirable discourse
On the impermanence of things.

And near the end of his life he wrote:

May the prayer regarding the death of this beggar
Be fulfilled for the benefit of all beings.
In a rocky cave in an uninhabited country
There will my mind be fully content.

The Buddhist world is filled with legends of Mila Repa. There is the story of the frightened deer being pursued by a dog and a hunter. The deer, crossing a ridge, saw Mila Repa in his cave and heard him chanting, *"Om Mani Padme Hoom, Om Mani Padme Hoom."* The deer paused to listen and was so spellbound by the spiritual vibrations that its fears were forgotten. Shortly it lay down beside Mila Repa, serene and relaxed in the spiritual atmosphere of the place.

Along came the dog, who, seeing the deer, whirled to the attack. Then the dog heard Mila Repa chanting, *"Om Mani Padme Hoom, Om Mani Padme Hoom."* The dog stopped and listened; it too became calm and serene, and shortly lay down beside the deer.

12: Douglas T-3 (1951)1953 AJ4 W. Tibetans AJ4

538 788 Then came the hunter, who, seeing the deer and the dog lying down together, believed the dog had been bewitched. So he drew his sword to kill the dog. As he approached, Mila Repa began to intone, *"Om Mani Padme Hoom, Om Mani Padme Hoom."* The hunter was strongly affected by the chant. He stood undecided and torn. Before long he returned his sword to the scabbard and, approaching Mila Repa, prostrated himself before the Holy One.

535 796 A lama dance (*chham*) is built around these characters[1]—a play illustrating the old Tibetan proverb and Buddhist teaching, "There is no sin so great as killing."

Phuntzog put on some lama dances for us. But the act of the deer, the dog, and the hunter was not included. The dances we saw, like the old morality plays of Europe, were a church service in the true sense of the term.

They were performed in the courtyard in front of the main monastery building. Opposite the stairs leading down from the monastery sat the Rinpoche and the Lobon. Each of them is usually dressed in a long, flowing, dark red robe, wrapped toga-like around him so that his right arm is bare. Now the left arm was bare, and a bright yellow shawl was draped over the shoulders and around the waist. Rinpoche wore a peaked red hat that had no brim but came down over the back of his neck. Phuntzog wore a big red hat whose brim flared up and stood like great sails sewn together. Rinpoche sat on a dais with the gold bell and gold *dorje* in front of him. Phuntzog sat on his right. Farther to the right was a great array of musicians—trumpeters, drummers, and two men who blew giant horns. They were bedecked in gaily [534] colored clothes and tall red hats of various designs. The trumpets were of the clarinet type, made of wood and brass. The drums stood on edge, held four or five feet off the ground by a pedestal, and attached to them were cymbals. The drums were struck by sticks bent into the shape of huge question marks. The two horns (*shawms*) were each twelve feet long. The larger end was about eighteen inches in diameter. It rested on the ground.

[1] [From legends. See p. 173 -- ANALYST]

anti-Communist campaign, a part of which is reflected in a song from the lips of the women of Lhasa, who traditionally sing as they draw water from the wells.

In the religious city of Lhasa this year
Chinese soldiers have arrived like hail,
Whether as liberators it is in doubt,
Or to tie the throats of the poor.
For things that formerly cost a tranka[2]
We now pay a full do-tse[3]
So let us dance!
They speak sweetly
But what are the sticks [rifles] in their hands
If not to exterminate
Lord Buddha's doctrine and Tibetan people?
Rise, young men, be bold of heart!
And young maidens, unite together
That happiness may come
And misery depart!

The people of Lhasa began to challenge the authority of the Chinese in many ways. It was not long before the Chinese military strengthened their security measures in Tibet. They increased the Chinese garrison in Tibet. They deprived most of the larger monasteries, which have long served as the granaries of Tibet in time of famine, of their food reserves. The scarcity of food made it difficult for the monasteries to maintain their armed lama police (*dobdobs*). Moreover, the Chinese disarmed the *dobdobs*. Thus are the Communists undermining the power of the lamas.

The torch bearer escorted us through the dark, dungeon-like corridors of Sankar and brought us out on the crude, rough slab steps at the front of the monastery. The vast valley of Leh was

[2]About five cents.
[3]About seventeen dollars.

13: Heber and Heber D-3 (1914-25) 1926 AJ4 W. Tibetans AJ4

acts as mentor. He probably has a shop on the other side of the road, and keeps his eye open for stray customers while listening to his pupils. He reads a phrase and all the boys say it after him. Ask taught or teacher to explain what has been read, and they will acknowledge complete ignorance, and this with absolutely no feeling of shame. In Mohammedanism and Buddhism it seems as if the letter does not kill, but gives life. If the teacher is tired, he allows his class to practise reading by themselves. Each boy reads in a loud voice what 'seemeth him good,' and a horrible noise results.

Next in importance, though not in status, come the musicians and minstrels. Although no function is complete without the band, yet those providing the music are low in caste and classed with carpenters, both generally of Mon descent. They possess two kinds of instruments only, the small kettle-drum, the parchment of which is tightly stretched over a wooden frame shaped like a large bowl and is beaten with two short sticks; these drums are termed *dummadums*, which describes the music made so accurately that nothing further need be said. The other instrument is the flageolet, made of wood about two feet long, decorated with silver, and having a small metal mouthpiece. The tone this produces is a beautifully mellow one, and the tunes consist of many demi-semi-tones. If necessary these gentlemen will play almost continuously from morning till night, only needing a little beer or butter-tea and barley-flour occasionally to keep them going. These are the professional musicians, but many an ordinary family can boast its bard, who recounts the wonderful deeds performed by the mythical King Kesar, or tells of an heroic act done by some ancient townsman. The story is told, but every now and again the teller breaks into song, accompanying himself on his home-made fiddle. This is much like its Western counterpart, only the wooden section is narrower, shorter and deeper, and this sound-box is covered above with parchment. Strings are made of sheeps' GUT, AND THE BOW OF HORSEHAIR.

13: Heber and Heber D-3 (1914-25) 1926 AJ4 W ..ibetans AJ4

gut, and the bow of horsehair. Let us listen to Tsiring Rolmar, as she recounts to her husband and her two boys, one of these stories. In the corner of their living-room is the stove, behind which sits the housefather on a slightly raised platform, before him his cup of tea which he sips the while. On the opposite side, also sitting cross-legged, is his lady, who while she spins her yarn, blows the fire with her goatskin bellows, and at her side her youngsters drink in the story. Like all good tales hers begins—"Once upon a time," and goes on to tell of King Sralkai, of his little son Ulastopgyes, the princess Laches, and their cruel step-mother, who in order to rid herself of her husband's children feigned illness, and asked him to go to a certain old woman physician who lived on a hill far away. While the King was on the road thither, the wicked queen, successfully disguised, took a short cut and arrived at the mountain first, then told the King that the only cure for his queen was a meal made of the hearts of his two children. Sadly he returned, and we follow the prince and princess through a long and tedious history of various unsuccessful attempts to murder them, until eventually Ulastopgyes is recognized as a prince and is crowned king of a great country. His thoughts return to his poor old father, and he goes to rescue him from the wicked queen, who turns out to be a witch and is slain, whilst, of course, the rest live happily ever afterwards. But do not imagine this story is told in so few words—an hour would not suffice for all the details, and many cups of tea are drunk before the fortunate family is eventually allowed to "live happily ever after." Of such stories there must be hundreds, and for every myth or fairy-tale which we have in the West, the Ladaki has his Tibetan version. In the same way it would not be difficult to find a Ladaki proverb similar to almost every English one. Besides the story-teller and his fiddled accompaniment, there is the amateur with musical propensities who can express his feelings on a flute, also home-made, just a bit of hollow stick

13: Heber and Heber D-3 (1914-25) 1926 AJ4 W. Tibetans AJ4

CHAPTER XV

National Pastimes & Sports

000 "But their style of playing polo was irregular and rash
They had mighty little science, but a mighty lot of dash:
And they played on mountain ponies, that were muscular and strong
Though their coats were quite unpolished, and their manes and tails were long."

"When the Geebung boys got going it was time to clear the road;
And the game was so terrific that ere half the time was gone
A spectator's leg was broken—just from merely looking on."

A. B. PATERSON.

524 [538] "AS food without salt is savourless, so is work without play" says the Ladaki proverb, and, putting precept into practice, he flavours the toils of life with a variety of games which he begins early in life. The Leh youngster makes three little heaps of dust in the high street of the capital, places a stick in each, produces a home-made ball of rags, another larger stick for bat, and, like boys in the home-land, begins his game of cricket by a heated discussion as to who should have the privilege of first innings. If sticks are scarce, he takes a small one, about six inches long, points each end, then with a club he strikes one of the ends sharply; the stick rises up in the air, and as it falls he hits it again as hard as he can, and lays down the club. Then his opponent picks up the small stick and from where it has fallen throws it at the club which he tries to hit. Visions of small boys playing an exactly similar game in England come to the mind. Football, too, has become thoroughly acclimatized, and is played by old and young. The former, having raised a proper ball, tuck the

13: Heber and Heber D-3 (1914-25) 1926 AJ4 W. Tibetans AJ4

gaiety does not stand the test of time, divorce can be obtained by payment of an animal. The Ladaki proverb thus states the situation : " If the husband is turned out he can demand a pony, but the wife can expect a cow." The horse and cow given need only be strong enough to walk round a dunghill. If one of the pair dies and was the owner of the house, the living partner is tied by a piece of string to the corpse of the other, and when the string is broken by pulling on it, the marriage-tie is also broken. Such means are only resorted to if the living partner wishes to leave the house, but he or she may remain if preferred. In the former case nothing need be paid on leaving the house, and the party's own goods may be taken away also. Thus each takes his or her own property, and the one who was brought to the house must also pay for a large part of the wedding festivities.

Obviously the easiest method of marrying is by stealing, after which it is also much easier to divorce. An additional advantage to the young people is that they may choose each other instead of being subject to their parents' selection. Also little care is taken to preserve class.

If the divorcée returns to her parents' home, she is not allowed to enter her parents' temple, and sometimes she is not even allowed to sit in front of their fire-place, because at marriage she joined another *paspun*.

A man or woman may marry a second time, but there are no wedding festivities. Should the first wife bear her husband no children, he may take a second one or *Chanchung*. If possible she should be the younger sister of the first wife, if not, a cousin or near relation. If she produces no posterity, the husband must do without. The first wife retains priority of rank. even though the second becomes a mother. If a *magpa* and his bride have no children, a *Chanchung* is brought for the *magpa*, she being a near relative of the heiress.

Before leaving the subject of marriage, we must say a little more about the customs of polyandry, as Ladak is one

22: Francke M-3 (no date) 1901 AJ4 W. Tibetans AJ4

A collection of Ladakhi Proverbs.—*By* The Rev. H. Francke, *Moravian Missionary, Leh. Communicated by the Philological Secretary.*

[Read June, 1899.]

538 805 577 The Ladakhi word for proverb is *gtamdpe* [pronounced *stamspe*] which means 'word example.' *Stamspe* is the general term for what might be called quotations, the shepherd's calender and the popular moral code.

538 126 Ladakhi popular poetry has become famous for the frequent application of the laws of 'parallelism.' Many beautiful examples, illustrative of this form of poetry, will be noticed in the proverbs.

In the following each proverb will be treated in this way—

(*a*) the Proverb in the orthography of Ladaki letter writing, (*b*) pronunciation, (*c*) literal translation [does not claim to be good English], (*d*) application, (*e*) grammatical and other notes.

Concerning the orthography of (*b*) the following will suffice: The vowels are the Italian vowels[1], *ä* rather like *e*. All accents given, refer only to the stress. *sh* = ཤ, *zh* = ཞ, *ng* = ང, *c* = ཙ, *ch* = ཚ, *j* = ཛ, *ts* = ཛྲ, *ths* = ཚྲ. The unaspirated Tenuis holds the mean between English tenuis and media. Single *r* = Hindustani *r*. The *r* preceding a consonant is like the German guttural *r*, following a consonant it is like the English *r*, spoken quickly.

THE PROVERBS.

539 1. (*a*) དཔེད་ཉིན་དོང་མོ་ལ་བྱང་གསུམ་དང་བྲོ་གསུམ།
མི་ཚེ་དོང་མོ་ལ་སྐྱིད་གསུམ་དང་དུག་གསུམ།།

(*b*) spid' nyin ring'moa drang' sumdang dro' sum
mi'thse ring'moa skyid' sum dang dug' sum.

[1] They are long, when ending a syllable, short in all other cases.